

Tales of GOTHAM and other CITIES

Big Steamer Was Held for Little Canary Bird



NEW YORK.—Before the steamship Vestris sailed for South America the other day from near the old Martine Stores, Brooklyn, Mrs. G. F. Green of No. 59 West Fifty-third street rushed up to Harry S. Davidge, the passenger traffic manager, and exclaimed:

"Oh, what am I going to do? I have forgotten to bring Rickey. How am I going to get him to the ship?"

"Who is Rickey?" inquired Mr. Davidge.

"He's a canary bird, a beautiful singer," replied Mrs. Green. "My husband insists that I must bring Rickey to Buenos Ayres."

"Well, it is now 4:30 o'clock," said Mr. Davidge, looking at his watch, "and the ship sails at five. I don't think there is time to get Rickey. However, I will telephone for him if you wish."

Accompanied by the traffic manager and four friends, one man and three women, Mrs. Green went to the foot

of the pier and called up a taxicab station near her home.

"I have a charge account with you," said Mrs. Green, "and I want you to bring my canary."

"Who's going with the canary in the taxi?" asked the man.

"Nobody," said Mrs. Green. "You will have to go up to my apartment and tell my Finnish maid, who doesn't speak English, that I want the bird."

The taxicab manager laughed scornfully.

"We don't carry canaries in our taxis without escorts. Besides, the driver is not allowed to go into a house. Good-by."

Then Mrs. Green called up another taxicab station and told them what she wanted. The manager said he would get the bird. Captain Davis of the Vestris said he would hold the ship ten minutes.

Then Mrs. Green called up her Lena and said: "Canary, taxi." "Yah," said Lena.

She went aboard and stood on the deck forward. The Vestris began to back out at 5:10. She was almost free of the pier, when there was a roar of excitement at the foot of the pier, a cloud of dust arose, cheers echoed through the pier shed, and a man came rushing to the head of the pier, holding high above his head a gilded cage, within which was Rickey, trying hard to keep his perch.

Dinner Bell Saves Chicago Sleuth From Dog

CHICAGO.—There was a perfectly good reason why William Kayes, a uniformed policeman of the South Chicago station, and Matt McNamara, a plain clothes detective, took a shotgun with them the other day when they went to serve a warrant on John Dents, a truck farmer at 106th street and Benzley avenue. This is the reason:

Dents owns an enormous Newfoundland dog which has all the traits of a bulldog, a bloodhound and a mastiff rolled into one. Dents had never purchased a license for the animal, and the dog catchers ventured no closer than the echo of its bark. Accordingly, Capt. Morgan Collins of the South Chicago station handed McNamara a warrant to serve on the owner.

The detective arrived at the farmhouse and found nobody home, except the dog, which was chained in the front yard. Objecting to the intruder, the canine snapped its chain and started for McNamara. The closest thing in sight—next to the dog—was a high pole, on the top of which hung the farm bell. McNamara reached the foot of the pole in six jumps and the top in six seconds.

While the dog leaped about the foot of the pole, barking and snapping perilously close to the detective's up-drawn heels, McNamara perspired and scanned the horizon for a human being.



For more than an hour he clung there.

Finally McNamara thought of the bell and gave the rope a jerk. The farm hands out in the fields thought it was mighty early for supper, but still they came. When they discovered the house locked and supper was yet uncooked, they were in no humor to be disturbed by the frantic shrieks of a man clinging to a pole in the hot sun.

At last, however, they were convinced, called off the dog and permitted McNamara to take his unserved warrant back to the Chicago avenue station.

The next day he armed himself with a shotgun, and took Kayes along for further protection, and went back to the farm. As soon as the dog saw the uniformed policeman it ran behind the house, and it had to be coaxed out.

The warrant was served.

No More Official Garments for Ohio Judiciary



CINCINNATI, O.—Periwigs and official garments of clergymen are counted out. No more shall they adorn the judiciary. Rather, as Ohio's newest and most modish law has it, "All officials shall have engraved thereon the coat-of-arms of the state."

There is no restriction as to where the adornment shall be placed.

Many are the plans. One learned jurist, for instance, may have a landscape gardener assist him, and in a sunken aperture on his left cheek have the whiskers trained to grow in variegated colors to bring out the design.

Others, more foppish, will go one better than the faddists who wear

watches buckled on their wrists, and display the coat-of-arms of the great state of Ohio. Old sailors, who, on sojourns to the orient, learned the secret of tattooing, are certain to be in demand. Tattooing will be one of the most common forms of the new decoration. Probate and common pleas judges are expected to adopt this form.

Supreme court officials may decide upon a distinguishing and uniform method of having the coat-of-arms engraved upon them.

City authorities are said to be displaying considerable jealousy at not being included in the new court order.

It is, of course, possible that some ill-natured person, who dislikes things beautiful, may insist that the law is entirely unintentional. In fact, it has already been rumored that the word "seals" should be inserted between the words "officials" and "shall," which would make the measure read: "All officials' seals shall have engraved thereon the coat of arms of the state."

Hobo Runs Successful Blind Pig Right in Jail

GUTHRIE, Okla.—A clever tramp has set the town of Cushing laughing at its city marshal. The marshal arrested the tramp for loitering and locked him securely in the city calaboose. The tramp was searched, and as no money was found on his person, the marshal was positive the tramp was flat broke.

Shortly after the tramp was locked up the city marshal raided a joint and confiscated a case of whisky in half-pint flasks. He carried the whisky to the calaboose and stored it in a strong wooden chest secured by a padlock.

The tramp was the only lodger in the calaboose. He was a man of wit, even business enterprise. He found a rusty nail and began tinkering with the padlock. The padlock flew open and the whisky lay before him.

The tramp opened a bottle, took a strong pull and felt refreshed. Shortly after midnight a citizen who was taking the short cut past the calaboose, heard a voice in the darkness:



"Say, pal, how would you like a bottle of real red booze—the kind your grandfather used to make back in the mountains of Kentucky?"

The citizen for a moment was unable to locate his interrogator.

Approaching the calaboose window, the man outside saw and was convinced. He paid his money and got the whisky.

"If you have any discreet friends, send 'em around," whispered the tramp.

The supply of whisky is said to have been exhausted in less than an hour.



MELISSA WOULD NOT MATE WITH A FOOD FADDIST.

Mrs. Merriwid tucked her napkin into its ring, breathed a sigh of satisfaction slightly flavored by a mint tablet, and put her elbows on the table. "I feel considerably better, thank you," she observed.

"I should hope you would, my dear," replied her maternal maiden aunt Jane. "I must say there is nothing wrong with your appetite, Melissa."

"No?" said Mrs. Merriwid, with a lift of her eyebrows. "Well, that's just where you and Mr. Herbigge disagree. He considers my appetite depraved, and right there Mr. Herbigge and little Lissy stand on opposite sides of a yawning abyssal gulf—with most of the yawn on my side, I may say."

"It seems to me that a difference of opinion regarding diet can hardly be considered in the light of an insuperable objection, my dear," Aunt Jane remonstrated.

"That's merely because you haven't given the matter due consideration, dearie," said Mrs. Merriwid. "And you're probably going on the Jack Sprat theory of mutual compromise and adjustment. That listens good at the first roseate blush, too, but it wouldn't work outside of Mother Goose, believe me. You'd find Mr. Sprat filled with disgust as well as lean meat every time he looked across the table and saw the lady lifting in the flabby fat, and she would naturally have a low opinion of his taste. At that, they would have something in

balances it. He had the impudence to sneer at what he called eaters of dead flesh."

"A waiter?" inquired Aunt Jane.

"Mr. Herbigge, goose!" said Mrs. Merriwid. "Wouldn't that give you the shock of a concussion? He remarked that no carnivorous creature could attain to spiritual heights, or even to a high order of mentality. I asked him how long he thought I would have to abstain from dead flesh to climb to his intellectual level, and he said he was talking generally. I said he was talking foolishly."

"I never heard that Nebuchadnezzar's mentality was improved when he became a vegetarian," says I to him, says I. 'Not that I have anything against vegetables when they aren't turnip-heads,' I proceeded, in tones of blighting sarcasm. 'I approve of beans in moderation and in conjunction with pork, and as a supplement to roast turkey, I'm strong for cranberry sauce or chestnut dressing,' I told him. 'Nobody ever heard me say a word against cabbage or carrots when they are chaperoned by corned beef or boiled ham, and rice goes well with chicken a la creole,' I continued; 'but when it comes to leaving the meat out of a meal and still calling it a meal, I raise my voice in protest and beg to be excused.' Such were my words. Believe me, auntie, there are even people who don't like broiled lobster, but I could never learn to love one of them."

"Don't you think he likes it?" asked Aunt Jane.

"He's no cannibal," replied Mrs.



"There Is Nothing Wrong With Your Appetite, Melissa."

common, being both partial to meat. But imagine Mrs. Sprat with roast sirloin of beef and Jack spreading peanut butter on an oatmeal cracker for his! Nay, dear aunt. Not on your counterfeit presentiment!"

"People of entirely opposite tastes get along together very nicely quite often," Aunt Jane contended.

"Not when it comes to the eats, Pet," said Mrs. Merriwid. "We may disagree with our husbands on questions of religion and art and dress and finance, but not on the subject of dinner. Of course a liberal man will concede something to the finer feminine preferences, and a wise lady will tolerate and even pander to occasional vulgarities in the way of onions and lunch herring. But in the main, she must like what he likes, and if she doesn't, she must learn to."

"Couldn't you learn to like what Mr. Herbigge does?" asked Aunt Jane.

"Who, me? I? Why, gracious goodness Agnes! That man doesn't like anything!" exclaimed Mrs. Merriwid. "Only nuts and such, and I'm no squirrel if I am frisky at times. Why, auntie, don't you understand that he's a vegetarian? He doesn't even like nuts. They don't like things, dearie; they eat them because they contain certain elements. They eat to live, they don't live to eat. Didn't you know that? Why, yes. And it gives them something to talk about, too. You, dear aunt, sit down and consume lamb chops without the least idea of what they contain. You couldn't tell to save your swan-like neck whether they were rich in phosphates or sulphates or bromides. You don't catch a vegetarian feeding on anything that he hasn't got the chemical formula for. He goes into his little white-tiled restaurant and looks over the bill of fare."

"Let me see," he says. 'Proteids—hum! Yes. I think I'll take a few proteids on the half shall and some adenoids and broiled carbohydrates, with a demi tasse of nitrate and a half portion of phosphorus.'"

"Don't be absurd, Melissa," begged Aunt Jane.

"It isn't me; it's them," replied her niece. "Eat to live! What's the use of living if you've got to regard yourself as a laboratory to convert raw material into elements? The balanced ration may be all right, but it depends a good deal on the place you got it, and to some extent, on the waiter who

Merriwid, "but on general principles, auntie, a woman wants to beware of a man who won't eat any old thing, just so it's well cooked." (Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

Sense of Touch.

One of two dorkies who run a boot-black "parlor" in partnership was bragging of his well-developed sense of touch, particularly in the matter of money. He boasted that he could tell the denomination of any United States coin merely by feeling it. His partner wearied of these boasts and came back with this: "Your sense of feelin' ain't nothing to my friend Marcus. Him and me used to work on the Pullman down through Kansas. Marcus had been on this route for about ten years. One night when we was both asleep, 'long around midnight I wakes up and I shakes Marcus and I says: 'Marcus, where are we?' An' Marcus he jest rolls over and sticks his hand out the window and he says: 'We're goin' through Oswego.'"—Lippincott's.

Deserved the Honor.

The latest appreciation of Shakespeare by his fellow townsmen is reported in the Washington Star.

In Stratford, during one of the Shakespeare jubilees, an American tourist approached an aged villager in a smock, and said:

"Who is this chap Shakespeare, anyway?"

"He were a writer, sir."

"Oh, but there are lots of writers. Why do you make such a fuss over this one, then? Wherever I turn I see Shakespeare hotels, Shakespeare cakes, Shakespeare chocolates, Shakespeare shoes. What did he write—magazine stories, attack on the trusts, popular novels?"

"No, sir; oh, no, sir!" said the aged villager. "I understand he writ for the Bible, sir."

Open-Air Living Cost \$5.

Thomas Costello and James Kelly, both of Philadelphia, were arrested in the woods near Folson, Pa., by County Detective O'Toole. The men were building a fire to warm their breakfast. Alderman Smith fined each \$5 for vagrancy. Kelly declared he was afflicted with consumption, and Costello said he suffered with asthma. Both said they were following the open-air treatment for their health.

Corner for the Juniors

ROPE TRICK IS "EXPLAINED"

English Writer Makes Explanation of Cunning Artifice—Does Not Appear Conclusive.

The Indian rope trick, which no one who has seen it performed has ever satisfactorily explained, is "explained" by J. N. Maskelyne, an English writer.

Mr. Maskelyne dismisses the trick as follows: Indian conditions of atmosphere are necessary to the success of the trick. The spectators face the setting sun and are sheltered from it by an awning. The rope used is evidently a jointed bamboo with the joints made to lock. Up this "rope" or "pole" a boy climbs to a height of about 30 feet or so, till out of sight of the people. Then he "disappears" as though into space.

What really happens, Mr. Maskelyne explains, is that the spectators are blinded by the setting sun and that the boy climbs up the pole or rope and then drops quickly to the ground. Before the astonished onlookers know anything about it he is covered up with a sheet.

This is the most ingenious attempt at an explanation of the trick yet made, but it will not appear conclusive to all who have witnessed the performance. The trick has been witnessed at Khandalla—a hill station near Bombay—and again at Delhi at midday, without any awning being used or any effects but the rope.

EDUCATION NOT ALL MENTAL

Man Who Could Not Swim Is Refused Diploma by Authorities at the Columbia University.

The authorities at Columbia university have refused to award a diploma to a senior who has not learned to swim the length of the pool in the gymnasium. A few years ago such action would have been deemed absurd. There are those who are unable to swim the length of a gymnasium pool and a student's qualifications for a degree of bachelor of arts, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press. They are the people who believe that the only benefit to be derived from attendance at college is obtained from books. The requirements imposed at Columbia is an indication of the more practical turn that is being given to educational effort in recent times.

While most boys learn to swim without the aid of college or even common school instruction, there are few things acquired in a university of more practical value. Every one not physically disqualified should be moderately proficient in the art of keeping afloat in the water. It is a simple thing, easily learned and should be part of the education of even grade school children. Columbia is setting a good example in withholding a diploma from a man who cannot swim.

HORSE FROM BROOM HANDLE

Simple Toy Is Quite Easily Made and Gives Wonderful Satisfaction to Little People.

This is a simple toy easily made which gives wonderful satisfaction to all little-foik. Get a broom handle and cut it to the proper length, then procure an old sock either black or brown; cut a slit in the top two or three inches long for the mouth of the horse. Line the sock with cardboard; make holes above the mouth for nostrils, which should be lined with a piece of red flannel, and add



Toy Horse.

a small portion to serve as the tongue, which should slightly protrude. Stuff the head with rags or any similar material, and tie it on to the top of the broomstick. Fix two ears, which should be made stiff with card; add the eyes, which may be two buttons sewn on in the proper position; adjust the bridle and ornament where necessary. When finished it will appear as in the illustration.

Strong.

"Father," said little Herbert, "why doesn't mother travel with the circus?"

"What could she do in a circus?"

"She might be the strong woman. I heard her tellin' grandma this morning that she could wind you around her little finger."—Judge.

During the Crowded Season.

Mrs. Gotham—Why, Tommie, how dirty your face is! Where have you been?

Tommie Gotham—Oh, I've been swimming down at the public bath, mamma!

Libby's Luncheon Delicacies

Dried Beef, sliced under this, History Smeared and with a choice flavor that you will remember. Vienna Sausages—just right for Hot Pies, or to serve cold. Try them served this: Cut eye bread in thin slices, spread with crushed butter and remove crust. Cut a Libby's Vienna Sausage in half, lengthwise, lay on bread. Place on top of the sausage a few thin slices of Libby's Malted Pickles. Cover with other slice of bread, press lightly together. Appear on plate, serve garnished with parsley sprigs. Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago



Saskatchewan

Your Opportunity Is Now
In the Province of Saskatchewan, Western Canada
Do you desire to get a Free Homestead of 160 ACRES of that well known Wheat Land? The area is becoming more limited. NEW DISTRICTS have recently been opened up for settlement, and into these new roads are now being built. The day will soon come when there will be no land for free homesteading.
A Swift Current, Saskatchewan, farmer writes: "I came on my homestead, March 1904, with about \$1,000 worth of horses and machinery, and just \$25 in cash. Today I have 400 acres of wheat, 200 acres of oats and 50 acres of hay. Not bad for six years, but only an instance of what may be done in Western Canada. Write to G. A. Cook, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Send at once for Literature, Maps, Railway Rates, etc., to G. A. COOK, 125 W. 9th STREET, KANSAS CITY, MO. Canadian Government Agent, or address Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada."

HAD SOME WAY TO TRAVEL

Thirsty Man Had Not Thought of Possibilities When He Made Contract With Guide.

After North Carolina voted to be a dry state its citizens became very suspicious of strangers.

One day a commercial traveler went up to an old negro in a little town in the eastern part of the state and said to him:

"Say, uncle, if you will lead me to some place where I can get a drink I'll give you \$2."

The old dorkie looked him carefully over, accepted the two plunks, and said: "All right, boss, just follow me."

He led the thirsty one through the town, on through the suburbs, into the country, and then started due west. After they had traversed about five miles in silence and still nothing in sight, the man asked:

"Look here, Mose! Where are we going after this drink?"

"We's gwine over into Kentucky, boss; we can't git nuthin' in dis state."—Judge.

Misunderstood.

"He married a woman with principle."

"Yes—and now he lives on the interest."

Good Advice.

"When you start out to find a business opening—"

"Yes?"

"Don't get in a hole."

A Sweet, Crisp, Delicious "Bite-To-Eat"

Post Toasties

Dainty bits of pearly white corn, perfectly cooked and toasted to delicate "brown."

Usually eaten direct from package with cream and sugar.

Or, sprinkle Toasties over a saucer of fresh berries—then add the cream and sugar—a dish to remember.

Post Toasties are sold by Grocers everywhere.